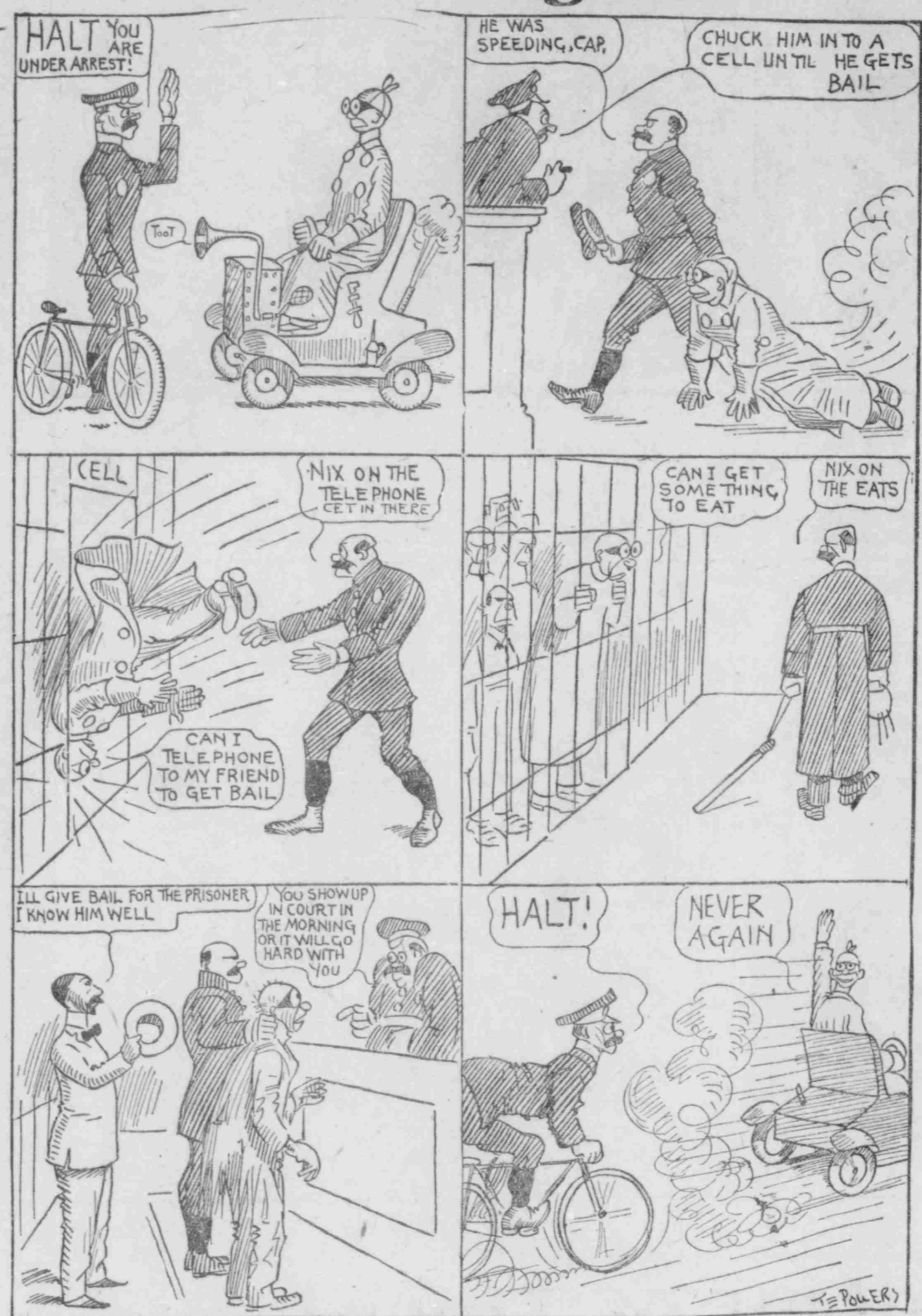


Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

Never Again!



Up-to-Date Jokes

PERKINS had been appointed tutor to the young lord of the manor, and together they were making the grand tour. Perkins was congratulating himself on the excellent behavior of his pupil, but, alas! they had only reached Geneva when his charge fell deeply in love with a pretty Swiss peasant. In vain did he remonstrate with the young lord, pointing out the social barrier that existed between the lovers and the total impossibility of marriage. But all to no purpose. The beautiful Swiss maiden held the young lord's heart captive, and he would scarcely leave her side.

Distracted, Perkins wrote home to the marchioness, asking her advice, and pointing out her son's infatuation. A day or two passed in agonizing suspense.

At last the answer came. Perkins breathed a sigh of relief. All his anxiety would now be over. He tore open the envelope, but as he read the letter he groaned in the anguish of his soul. It consisted of three words:

"Marry her yourself!"

THE manager of a small country estate decided to sell his property, and consulted an estate agent in the nearest town about the matter. After visiting the place the agent wrote a description of it, and submitted it to his client for approval.

"Read that again," said the owner, closing his eyes and leaning back in his chair contentedly.

After the second reading he was silent a few moments, and then said thoughtfully, "I don't think I'll sell. I've been looking for that kind of place all my life, but until you read that description I didn't know I had it! No, I won't sell now."

AN automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the pedestrian.

"I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will a sovereign make it all right?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "I suppose so."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.

IT was an American tourist at the door of Warwick Castle, who was bent on seeing the place, and, pending the arrival of a guide, was busily studying his guide-book. When the doorkeeper made his appearance, the American asked, in a quick, business-like tone:

"Have you that famous vase still?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And the table that cost so much money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you still that likeness of Charles I. by Van Dyke?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the doorkeeper, "they are all here. Won't you come in and see them?"

"No, thanks," replied the American. "I will take them all as per catalogue. I have got to see Coventry to-day, and I want to visit Stratford-on-Avon and sleep in Leamington to-night, and I guess I'll have to be in Sheffield tomorrow morning on business. Good morning."

TIGHT-WADDO THE MONK.



And Not Only That

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The Hall Room Boys

Popularity Is Very Pleasant, But There's a Limit.

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Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK



PA WAS reading in the paper the other day about How to Make Home Happy. The story which told about how to make home happy was in a Sunday paper, and Ma told Pa not to believe it, but Pa believed it just the same, and he and Ma were going to have a party and play sum of these games that the paper tells about. Ma asked Pa please not to have the party, but Pa is awful stubborn, so he asked a lot of people up to the house last night.

There was Mister & Missus Harrigan, & there was Mister & Missus Mulligan. There was sum of Pa's men friends, too, which calm without there wives bekaus they was bachelors.

Now, folks, sed Pa, the main reason for my having you all here tonite was perhaps a selfish one. I wanted to have a good crowd here, so I could try out sum of these new games. Each of the guests will have a card on which will be found 4 words at the end of 4 dotted lines. Then they all looked at there cards & the cards looked like this:

.....roof
.....proof
.....sing
.....thing

Then, sed Pa, the idea is to fill in words to make the stanza. Now, ladies and gents, take yure corners and git busy when I ring the gong.

Then everybody asked Pa what was the prize, & Pa sed that is part of the game. The prize is a seekret. The one (1) that makes the best verse gets the prize, but I will not tell you till the game is over what the prize is. Now, all you poets, start in scribbling.

Then all the folks started riting. Mister Harrigan & Mister Mulligan didn't rite very fast, & I don't think they liked the game. How wud it do to change that word "roof" to "ceiling" sed Mister Harrigan, and then I cud make it rhyme with plaster. No, sed Pa, you must remember that for tonite you are a poet and not a contractor.

Ha, Ha, sed Mister Mulligan all at onst, I have it. Then Mister Mulligan read his poem. This is the way it went:

Once I was sitting on the roof,
Looking down at a horse's hoof,
I heard the little sparrow sing;
As a poet I am the assy thing.

Well, sed Pa, that is a fair effort for a near poet, but I will reserve my decision until we hear from me. Remember, I am not going to be out of this contest. I am fixing up a fine poem myself. The rest of the people cudent make up a poem at all, & I guess they didnt want to. They jst yawned. Then I read my poem. It sed:

Once I was sleeping on the roof
Of our biding, which is fire proof,
Jest then the flames did roar and sing,
& burned up almost everything.

Now listen to mine, sed Pa. But all the nabors was putting on there coats & hats, & Pa cudent make them stay.

I heard Ma laffing at Pa a long time after I had went to bed. Pa gits laffed at most of the time. What was the prize you were going to give the winner, sed Ma. A picture of myself, sed Pa. Then Ma laffed all the harder. That is a booby prize, Ma sed.

TOO VALUABLE.

A TOURIST was cycling through an old-fashioned village, when his progress was arrested by the scream of a woman, followed by the muffled tones of a masculine voice. Looking about he caught sight of a woman holding on to the handle of a cottage door like grim death, while it was evident that someone within was trying to force it open.

"Give me a hand, mister," the woman cried. "I doesn't let 'im come out."

The cyclist dismounted, and added his strength to the woman's to keep the door closed.

"What's the matter?" asked he.

"It's my 'usband,'" she gasped. "Es got one of 'is crazy fits on to-day."

"Well, why don't you let him out?"

"Not till this peaceaman's passed," she panted. "You see, Bill's very nasty with peaceamen when 'e's like this, an' this one's too valuable to lose. I does 'is washin'."